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ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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A SUMMER IN NORTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

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Game—The Cariboo—The Moose.

We travel o'er the crusted snow,
Across the crusted streams we go,
And hear the icy waters flow,
Within their crystal walls.

The trees are now all bare and sore,
And giant moose and timid deer,
Seek, as the hunter's tread they hear—
The darkest forest halls.

The deer, bear, lynx and fox are yet plenty in the forests of northern New Hampshire, and the catamount and wolf are occasionally met with in the mountain recesses. There are two other animals, however, which we shall give a brief description of, they being at present unknown, save in the 'regions of the North.'

And first the Cariboo, or American Reindeer, (*Cervus Tarandus*.) Naturalists have slighted this magnificent animal, and he has a very brief notice in all works on the animals of America. He originally inhabited a vast extent of country from Newfoundland to the great lakes, as far South as the middle of New York, and North to the Arctic Circle. There are several species, differing from each other on account of locality, climate, etc. We shall speak of him as found in the Canadas and in the upper part of the Granite State.

The Cariboo is somewhat larger than the Lapland deer, having an average height of fourteen hands, and when in good flesh weighs about seven hundred pounds. Color dark brown, hair shaggy, and on their shoulders long—limbs finely formed and very muscular; hoofs wide cleft and spreading far apart when the creature runs—enables him to travel on the frozen snow faster than any of the deer tribe. Indeed, his fleetness has passed into a proverb, and the Indians and old hunters say—'Swift as a Cariboo.' His antlers are very long, frequently over two feet, and sometimes six inches in girth at the base. They generally curve inwards, giving him a fierce, untamable aspect, indicative of his disposition. He is cautious, too, as the chamois, and when encountered suddenly, or only wounded, flies with fury on the aggressor. Hunting the Cariboo requires skill, patience and no little courage, as the hunter often runs great risk. He must take advantage of every circumstance—of the wind, of trees, hills, and hollows, and is often hours approaching a herd. If alarmed, they flee like a whirlwind, and no one dreams of pursuing. It is asserted that the Cariboo will travel a hundred and fifty miles in a day, when the snow is firm and smooth. His flesh is excellent, and his skin makes fine, strong leather.

The Moose, (*Cervus Alces*.) is a more common animal, abounding around the head waters of Connecticut river and throughout the British possessions. He is the largest of the deer species, perfectly gigantic, and reminds us of the mastadon, and the colossal animals of olden time. He differs greatly from the Wapiti, or Elk, with whom he is often chased,

being a different creature in almost every particular. We have seen them in a wild and domesticated state, (as they can be tamed when taken young) and are familiar with their appearance and habits.

A male moose of the largest size, stands full twenty hands high at the shoulder. His neck is short and thick, fore legs disproportionately long, giving him something of a Giraffe appearance, and preventing him from feeding from the ground with any ease. His hair is a dark grey, very stiff and coarse. Horns, (they cannot be termed antlers) very large, covering the entire crown, set off with great prongs, and often weighing fifty pounds. Hoofs like the Cariboo, only larger, and wider cleft. A moose of the above mentioned height will weigh over thirteen hundred pounds. He seeks his food from the tender twigs and bark of the birch, mimosa, alder, and species of moss and evergreen. His long and flexible upper lip, used as a proboscis, enables him to gather in such food with great rapidity, and he is not long in stripping a young tree of 'browse.' In the summer season he frequents the margin of ponds and lakes, and the banks of rivers, being fond of the reeds and lilies on the shores. He often wades into the water, and with only his nose protruding, chews his cud unmolested by the flies and mosquitoes. Cunning and sagacious, he is very dangerous when aroused, and a blow from one of his huge fore feet is like a sledge-hammer's stroke. In autumn, the hunter, paddling in his canoe silently up the rivers or round the lake shore, often takes the moose by surprise, and brings him down with a well directed ball. Should the animal retreat, no pursuit is made, as he easily escapes.

Our first sight of a moose in its wild state, was when a mere lad, while we were with a surveying party camping near Connecticut lake. Early one morning, while breakfast was preparing, we strayed down to the water's edge, and walked carelessly along the sand. Turning suddenly around a bushy point, we came abruptly upon three moose drinking from the lake. One was a monster, and as he raised his great head toward us, and gave that quick, loud snort of alarm peculiar to them, we turned, and made some rather tall tracks toward the camp, expecting every instant to be pitched into a tree-top. We told the cause of our fright, (for we were frightened,) and the hunters of the party started for the beach at once. But the moose were gone, and when we asked 'old Alf.' why he did not follow them, that worthy replied, 'foller a moose this time o' year! you might as well foller a harrycane.—Them moose are more'n two mile off, this mornin', goin' like thunder!'

But in winter the case is different, and the poor animal, as if conscious of his peril, seeks the deepest forests. Then the moose hunter prepares for a campaign, and we will go with one on an expedition.

It is in March; the snow where we are is more than four feet deep; it rained a few days ago, then froze, and now the crust is hard, and will bear us on snow-shoes very well. But it will not bear the gigantic moose; he will break through at every step, and flight is impossible. We leave the settlements and strike into the pathless forest. Everything is covered with snow. The fur trees are brilliant with icy petals, and the bushes bend under their white mantles. We have each a heavy pack, for we are on a ten days' tramp. We have light snow-shoes on our feet, and each carries his rifle, hatchet and a long keen knife. We travel swiftly and silently along, our guide in front, looking eagerly for 'signs.' The tracks of various animals, the fox, sable, lynx and wolf are seen in every direction, and the partridge is often startled by our tread. Ponds and brooks are crossed, all locked in icy bands.— Sometimes through a little glade the dark waters appear an instant, and then gurgle on beneath. The second day we come to a place looking like a wide road cut through the wood. This is the boundary line between the United States and Canada. Every six rods is an iron post, on one side

those of Uncle Sam. No mistaking the ground we are on now. But as there are no game keepers here we can poach without the fear of Botany Bay before our eyes. At length we strike a 'trail.' The hunter pronounces it fresh; he says the moose is not far off and gives us directions how to proceed; to imitate him exactly, and look sharp ahead. We go slow and cautiously in Indian file, examining the forest in the direction we expect to find the game. Anon, our guide stops, and with a low 'H—h!' sinks on the snow. Then he points off to the right, and we see the short trees in a distant thicket as though a mighty moving object was there. It is the moose. We take off our packs, re-cap our rifles, and creep noiselessly to the shelter of a clump of trees just before us. Now he comes plainer in view, and we can see his huge body through the branches; but we are not at the right point for a shot.

After a little more maneuvering we reach a huge pine and have a plain view of the moose, not a dozen rods distant. He is uneasy, he stops feeding; looks carefully around and snuffs the air suspiciously. The hunter reserving his fire, tells us to 'blaze away!' You aim just behind the fore-shoulder of the animal and pull the trigger. The ball strikes him, but in no vital part. The monster rears, plunges, and glares furiously around. Now our guide, coolly steps out in view. He is seen in an instant, and the enraged animal dashes toward him, breaking down the stout saplings in his path like reeds! The hunter poises his rifle—fires the moose stops short, gives one mighty bound and falls. The ball has entered his eye and gone through the brain.

We stand by our victim a moment,

admire his vast size, and exchange congratulations on our 'good luck' and then make preparations to camp. While some of our party assist the hunter in dressing the game, others prepare the camp, and a huge roaring fire. It is very cold, but we are insured to it, and think nothing of the weather. When the fire has burned down sufficiently, the brands are cleared away, a bed of living coals raked together. Then some choice slices of moose meat are placed upon them; one of the fore legs is also laid on the fire. The meat is carefully turned, and when broiled, placed upon a tin platter; the roasted leg is then taken from the fire, broken with a hatchet, and the clear, melted marrow poured over the steaming, tender, and delicious steak. No meat can compare with it for sweetness and flavor, and you will make such a supper as you never made before. Traveling on snow shoes gives us a remarkable appetite, and divers mammoth broils are necessary for our little company. After our meal, we secure our game in the fork of a tree if we propose going further, if not, we construct a light sled to draw it to the settlements. Then we pile on wood, and wrapped in our blankets we lay down on our fresh

the long, almost Arctic night. It is not dark; the Aurora Borealis flash along the sky in a thousand changing colors and supernatural hues, quivering among the trees and glimmering on the snow. The howl of the wolf and the sharp bark of the lynx, alone break the silence.

This sort of life, is free, healthy, and fascinating. You feel self-reliant, strong, and energetic in mind and body, and the sweet digestible wild meat on which you feast, puts a muscle in the arm, and gives you a firm and vigorous step.—*Daily Times*.

DRUNKEN FEMALES.—On yesterday two good-looking females were arraigned in the Police Court on charge of drunkenness. It was shown that this was their first offense, and that they have hitherto been women of chaste and good character. The Court, after reprimanding them for getting intoxicated, and desirous of impressing on their minds that they could not do the same with impunity, they were fined \$5 each and costs.

An old toper, who lately attended an exhibition where a learned professor caused several explosions to take place among gases produced from water, said: "You don't catch me putting much water in my liquor after this. I had no idea that water was so dangerous, though I never take much of it."

TEMPERANCE IN WASHINGTON.—The Star says that the Secretary of the Treasury has issued orders prohibiting the clerks from going out to take a drink during office hours, on penalty of dismissal for the first offense.